

Acknowledgements

I would like to express my gratitude to my teachers Dr. Amanda DeMaris, Robert Mills, Dale Dreyfoos, and Brian DeMaris for the countless hours they have spent working with me to refine technique, style and presentation. I simply would not be the performer I am and the performer I hope to be in the future without their guidance and support. I would also like to thank my wonderful pianist Amanda Sherrill, I have been privileged to work with her for the past two and half years, she is consummate professional and collaborator. Thank you also to Felix Herbst and Sarah Welden for accompanying me this evening; it would not have been the same without you. Finally, thank you to my family for your constant support and assistance.

For Future Events Please Visit:

www.aaronmatthewsmith.com

Text Translations found as follows:

- (a) "La Serenata." Francesco Paolo Tosti La Serenata Lyrics. Accessed October 19, 2019. http://www.lyricslr.com/song772271/francesco_paolo_tosti_-_la_serenata.
- (b) Caracciolo, Leo. "Aprile." Musicas Italianas - Translation Aprile. Accessed October 19, 2019. http://musicasitalianas.com/vedere/vedere_musica.php?ver=us&vedere=aprile4.
- (c) Harris, Larry E. "Tormento (P. Tosti): Larry E. Harris." ReverbNation. Accessed October 19, 2019. <https://www.reverbNation.com/larryeharris/song/15912746-tormento-p-tosti>.
- (d) "Ideale." Vocal Arts DC - "My Favorite Song". Accessed October 19, 2019. <http://www.vocalartsdc.org/mfs1013.shtml>.
- (e) Manney, Charles. "Der Fischerknabe." The fisherboy (Manney) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, mélodies, canzoni, and other classical vocal music). Accessed October 19, 2019. https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=75556.
- (f) Westbrook, Arthur. "Der Hirt." The herdsman (Westbrook) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, mélodies, canzoni, and other classical vocal music). Accessed October 19, 2019. https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=75557.
- (g) Manney, Charles. "Der Alpenjäger." The alpine hunter (Manney) (The LiederNet Archive: Texts and Translations to Lieder, mélodies, canzoni, and other classical vocal music). Accessed October 19, 2019. https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=75558.

A black and white portrait of Aaron Matthew Smith, a young man with dark, wavy hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark shirt.

Aaron Matthew Smith
Tenor

Student Recital Series
Recital Hall
Saturday, October 26, 2019 • 7:30pm

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

La Serenta Paolo Tosti
Felix Herbst, Violin

Aprile Paolo Tosti
Tormento
Ideale

A Backyard Universe Morten Lauridsen

- I. Girl
- II. Three
- III. Boy

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

Wilhelm Tell Franz Liszt

- I. Der Fischerknabe
- II. Der Hirt
- III. Der Alpenjäger

Gianni Schicchi Giacomo Puccini

- I. Avete torto!...Firenze è come un albero fiorito
- II. Lauretta mia
Sarah Welden, Soprano

Please hold applause until the end of each set.

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

Translations

La Serenata ^(a)

*Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone,
and, with her beautiful abandoned head,
fly between her sheets:
O serenade, fly. O serenade, fly.*

*The moon shines brightly,
silence extends its wings,
and behind the shadows of the dark
alcove the lamp burns.*

The moon shines brightly,

The moon shines brightly.

Fly, o serenade, fly, o serenade, fly.

Ah! there. Ah! there.

*Fly, o serenade: My delight is alone,
but, still smiling half muted,
return between her sheets:
O serenade, fly. O serenade, fly.*

*The wave dreams on the shore,
And the wind on the branch;
and my blonde lady still denies
a place for my kisses.*

The wave dreams on the shore.

The wave dreams on the shore.

Fly, o serenade, fly, o serenade, fly.

Ah! there. Ah! there.

Aprile ^(b)

Can't you feel it in the air,

The scent the spring spreads?

Can't you feel in your soul

The sound of a new flattering voice?

It's April! It's April!

It's the season of love!

Come, come, my gentle one,

To the flowery meadows!

It's April!

Feet will wander through violets,

Pink and sky blue on your chest,

And lovely butterflies

Fly around horse mane.

It's April! It's April!

It's the season of love!

Come, come, my gentle one,

To the flowery meadows!

It's April!

Tormento ^(c)

When I will remember your caresses wherever will you be?

Of the days of dreams and sweetness whatever will remain?

When I will call out in my torment whoever will respond?

Love is like a breath of wind: passes, caresses, goes!

And if I will meet you on my way whatever can I say to you?

A star fell like a trail and the sea extinguished it.

But if I will call you as in that hour, don't fly from me like

that. Don't turn your face from my pain if your dream dies!

Ideale ^(d)

*I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;*

*I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,*

*and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.*

*Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment
I forgot in that dream.*

*Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.*

Der Fischerknabe ^(e)

*How smiles the fair lake where sunlight is gleaming;
The boy on the shore is sleeping and dreaming.
He hears then a melody
Telling of love,
As sweet as the voices
Of angels above.*

*But when he awaketh from visions so blest
The waters are playing over his breast:
And a voice from the deep calls,
"Sweet boy, thou must go,
For mine is the sleeper;
I lure him below!"*

Der Hirt ⁽ⁿ⁾

*Ye meadows, farewell,
Farewell, ye warm sunny pastures!
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er.*

*We go to the hills, we come back gladly
When the cuckoo calls, when the birds carol madly,
When fair Earth doth her bosom with flowers array,
When the streams are flowing in bright days of May.*

*Ye meadows, farewell,
Farewell, ye warm sunny pastures!
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is o'er.*

Der Alpenjäger (4)

*Now thunder the heav'ns, and tremble the bridge,
The huntsman is fearless on steep, dizzy ridge.
He strides on, undaunted,
O'er glaciers and snow,
Where smileth no summer,
Where flow'rs never grow.*

*Far down neath his feet rolls an ocean of sky,
The cities of men he no more can descry;
Yet anon thro' the clouds
Is the earth to be seen;
Far down smile the valleys,
The meadows are green.*

Avete torto!...Firenze è come un albero fiorito

*You are all wrong!
He's subtle! Astute....Every trick of laws and codices
He knows and understands.
A jokester! A mocker!
If is there a new and rare joke to be played?
It's Gianni Schicchi who prepares it!*

*His sly eyes illuminate his strange face with laughter,
Shaded by that great big nose that seems like a big
tower – like this!
He comes from the countryside?
Well? What does that mean?
Enough of these rude and petty prejudices!*

*Florence is like a tree in bloom,
Which has its trunk and branches in the Piazza dei Signori
But the roots bring forth new strength
From the limpid and fertile valleys!
And Florence blossoms, and strong palaces
and slender towers rise up to all the stars!*

*The Arno, before running to its mouth,
sings, kissing the Piazza Santa Croce;
and it's song is so sweet and resounding,
that the little streams have descended in chorus!
Thus, come down to Florence, those who are learned in
art and science, to make Florence more rich and splendid!*

*And from the castles of the valley of Elsa
Welcome to Arnolfo, who builds the beautiful tower!
And let Giotto come from the wooded Mugel,
And the Medici the courageous merchants!
Enough with petty hatreds and spites!
Long live the new people and Gianni Schicchi!*

Lauretta mia

*Rinuccio: My Lauretta!
Here we will forever be!
Florence is golden!
Fiesole is beautiful!*

Lauretta: You promised love eternal!

Rinuccio: I asked for a kiss!

Lauretta: The first kiss!

*Rinuccio: Trembling and white,
You turned your face . . .*

*Together: Florence from a far,
Seemed to us paradise!*